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IN THE  
ENEMY'S  
CAMP.

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We can furnish any of the articles advertised in the catalogues of other publishers of plays, at list prices.

# IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP

OR

## THE STOLEN DESPATCHES

A Drama in Three Acts

BY

S. J. BROWN

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BOSTON

*Walter H. Baker & Co.*

1889

## CHARACTERS.

CAPT. MALCOLM OLIPHANT . . . . .	<i>A Union Officer</i>
GEN. KERR . . . . .	<i>A Union Officer</i>
COL. STRANG . . . . .	<i>A Union Officer and Traitor</i>
STRATHROY . . . . .	<i>A Rebel Spy</i>
DR. FARLEE . . . . .	<i>A Union Soldier and friend of Capt. Oliphant</i>
NEIL . . . . .	<i>A Negro Servant</i>
MIKE . . . . .	<i>An Irish Servant</i>
RYAN . . . . .	<i>A Soldier</i>
MADGE OLIPHANT . . . . .	<i>Wife of Capt. Oliphant</i>
AGNES . . . . .	<i>Her Sister</i>

*Soldiers, Guards, etc.*

## COSTUMES OF THE PERIOD.



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## IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

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### ACT I.

SCENE. — CAPTAIN OLIPHANT'S home within the Northern lines. A handsomely furnished room. Sword and despatches on table, R.; other furniture ad libitum. Broad window at back, looking out upon landscape. Entrances R. and L. CAPT. OLIPHANT and DR. FARLEE discovered.

CAPT. O. This is indeed serious business. War seems to be inevitable, and you can but see that I am placed in a very awkward position. These despatches (*places hand on them*) which I received are of the utmost importance. The rebel flag has been raised at Richmond, Colonel Ellsworth marched southward a week ago, and, in these despatches, I am ordered to follow him with what force I can muster.

DR. F. Um! That sounds serious.

CAPT. O. It sounds to me like the doom of all my happiness.

DR. F. Nonsense, man; you have to separate from your wife before the honeymoon is half passed, that's all.

CAPT. O. Ah, doctor, if this were all it would not be so serious, although to leave my wife so soon is bad enough. The man who unfurled the flag, and who is the loudest in proclaiming Southern rights, is my wife's father, Strathroy. His devotion to the hopeless cause will only be satisfied by death.

DR. F. Well, you cannot help that.

CAPT. O. No, but I suffer all the same. He scorned me for my adherence to the government, and menaced Madge when he learned that her love for me was greater than her fear of his displeasure, and she had married me. And now, when she hears of this proceeding, and that her father stands with sword in hand on one side and her husband on the

other, think what agony and torture she will endure every moment this strife continues.

DR. F. There is no way in which you can shun duty; and have a care lest the fact that you are married to Strathroy's daughter awaken suspicions which may work against you.

CAPT. O. Doctor, I must do my duty, be the consequences what they may. (*Half aside.*) Poor Madge, how will you bear this news? (*To DR. F.*) Send her to me at once.

DR. F. Yes, captain. (*Exit R.*)

CAPT. O. (*rises*). It is better she should know all, and that from my lips she should hear it. These circumstances in which I am placed almost overwhelm me, yet with Heaven's help I must meet them. Ah! here comes Madge. (*Enter MADGE.*)

MADGE. Dr. Farlee tells me you wish to speak with me. His face bore such a doleful look, I feared you might be ill.

CAPT. O. No, not ill, at least in body. Madge, there are times when, in my deep love for you, I feel I could sacrifice honor for your sake.

MADGE. "Sacrifice honor for my sake!" Why, then you would sacrifice me too. I fear you are in one of your melancholy moods to-day, and they have been so frequent of late that I fear —

CAPT. O. Fear what, pray?

MADGE. That we are beginning to settle down into the sober commonplace of married life when the wife becomes a sort of superior housekeeper, and her lord becomes too busy with the grave details of his business affairs to spend one poor half-hour in the silly interchange of nothings which make the lovers' days so short and happy.

CAPT. O. You are mistaken, Madge. Our honeymoon shall never fade.

MADGE. There spoke a lover and not a staid-minded husband, and I will hold you to your promise. (*Places chair c. and stool R.*) Come now, sit you there, and I will sit at your feet. That is right; and now I feel myself a person of importance while I look into your face and read there —

CAPT. O. That I love you, Madge.

MADGE. Yes, and some one cares very much for you; and now you must tell me the meaning of these moody fits you have frequently been troubled with of late — these repeated journeys to Washington, of the sudden gathering of troops, who are even now in the street below.

CAPT. O. (*after pause*). I am going to startle you, Madge. I am to leave you.

MADGE (*rising*). Leave me?

CAPT. O. (*rising*). The rebels have raised their standard in the South against the Union, supported by enraged politicians and their followers; and I am commanded to march with what force I can raise to join the army of the republic.

MADGE. Oh! Husband! And will you obey?

CAPT. O. I must; it is either obedience or dishonor.

MADGE. Oh, husband! I do not question whether it is right; it must be a just cause since you are engaged in it; but remember the traditions in which I have been educated. The rights of the South were the rights of my father. Remember this, and forgive me if, for a moment, my heart is oppressed by the thought that this strife is an unhallowed one, and the danger—

CAPT. O. You must not think of the danger. You must forget everything except to be happy.

MADGE. I can forget everything when you are near; forget even that you are an enemy to the cause to which my father has devoted his life and fortune. Serve what cause you may, I am still your wife, Malcolm. Your faith shall be mine, your hopes, your aspirations, I will share them all.

CAPT. O. (*aside*). Madge! Madge! may Heaven help you to bear the worst of all. (*Aloud*.) You give me strength and courage.

MADGE (*smiling*). I am the soldier's wife now, ready to look calmly into the face of death. See, with my own hands I buckle on your sword. (*Takes sword from table, and buckles it on.*)

CAPT. O. Bravely done, dear wife; you will think of me often while I am away!

MADGE. You know my every thought will be of you.

CAPT. O. (*looking at her*). Madge, there is something more. Could you bear to hear some dreadful news?

MADGE. Dreadful news! You are near me and well, and yet— (CAPT. O. *turns face away*.) Why do you seek to hide your face from me? Oh, it must be of my father.

CAPT. O. It is your father, Madge. He has raised the rebel flag; he is out with the seceders.

MADGE (*utters a suppressed cry, staggers, and is supported by CAPT. O.*). Merciful Heavens! my father!

CAPT. O. (*kissing her*). Poor Madge!

MADGE. Oh, no, husband, I could not have heard aright. My father with the secessionists! Oh, this is a cruel war, when kinsmen stand in opposing ranks, never heeding that every blow they strike sinks deeper into the heavy hearts at home than into the victim who falls bleeding on the battlefield. I see the horror of it all; my father there—my husband here. You will meet, and, merciful Heaven! my hand girt on the sword that will be raised against my father. *(Turns away overcome, pressing hand to forehead.)*

CAPT. O. Madge, dear wife, I scarce know how to comfort you, but the chances are that we shall never meet; many chances to one.

MADGE. You must not meet. Think of it! Malcolm, husband, fly, fly, anywhere; you yet have time to escape.

CAPT. O. You are agitated, unnerved by this sudden news. *No, no*, wife, you could not counsel me to dishonor.

MADGE. Oh! husband, pardon me. I know not which way to turn. Do your duty, though it kill me. Rather death than dishonor.

CAPT. O. *(kissing her)*. Heaven bless you! spoken like my own true Madge.

*(Enter NEIL followed by STRATHROY in disguise of a beggar.)*

NEIL. I beg your apology, massa cap'n, but dis ere feller discised in comin' into de house, an' so I fotch him to you.

CAPT. O. You did right, Neil. *(Exit NEIL R.; to STRATHROY.)* Well, my man, what do you want here? *(STRATHROY looks with idiotic stare, not speaking.)* I asked you what you wanted. *(STRATHROY gives a foolish laugh, still looking at him.)* Poor fellow, he is bereft of reason and, from appearances, must be nearly famished. *(Shouts outside.)* Ah! the troops are gathering. They are brave men. *(Goes to window and looks out.)*

STRATH. *(crossing to MADGE, in suppressed voice)*. Get him out of the way. I must speak with you alone.

MADGE *(utters a suppressed cry)*. Great Heaven! my father, and here!

CAPT. O. *(still at window)*. Dr. Farlee is talking to the men.

*(Enter NEIL, R.)*

NEIL. Massa cap'n, de doctor says would you be so dis-obligin' as to come out for a minit?

CAPT. O. I will go at once. *(To STRATH., kindly.)* Come, my man, you will have to go.



MADGE. Leave him, husband ; I will have the servants provide food for him, and send him on his way.

CAPT. O. As you wish, Madge ; give the poor fellow plenty to eat ; he seems to be sadly in need of it. Come, Neil. (*Exeunt R.*)

(*STRATH. bolts door, goes up right, MADGE left. He removes wig and beard, showing himself an old man, snow-white hair and beard. They gaze at one another in silence a moment.*)

MADGE. Father, what madness, what reckless disregard of your own safety, has tempted you to venture into this place ?

STRATH. I have come to see my daughter, and find she gives my first visit a very poor welcome.

MADGE. What welcome can I give you here now, until I know whether you come as friend or foe ?

STRATH. I come as the friend to all true men and women — as a friend to the downtrodden South. I come as foe to oppression, and all traitors to the just cause of Southern rights.

MADGE. Hush ! do not speak so loud, since you come as my husband's foe and mine.

STRATH. I am sorry for that.

MADGE. You do not speak as though you cared. Am I, then, to blame for the position you occupy ? Be merciful to me, father ; have I not been faithful to you since childhood ?

STRATH. Until Malcolm Oliphant came ; then you forgot everything — duty to me and respect for those principles which are dearer to me than life itself.

MADGE. There is a greater loyalty, father, than that we owe to politicians, it is the loyalty to the government and the dear ones at home. You first brought Malcolm to our house, and you consented to our marriage. It was not until he refused to take part in a conspiracy against the government that you forbade our union. Your demand came too late, and we disobeyed it. Your cruelty drove me from home, and my poor mother to distraction. You took her to the madhouse, where she died of a broken heart, denied the comforts of home and her children — forsaken. You now stand opposed to Malcolm in the fiercest enmity, and all your wrath and hate fall upon me, who stand between you. He is true to his country, and will defend her rights. Oh ! father, why should there be this bitterness between us ? When I

learned that you were in the Confederate ranks, I was about to implore Malcolm to desert the post that had been thrust upon him, and fly, lest chance should bring you together in the strife; but now I turn to you first, and beseech you to desist from this useless struggle. Oh, that my sainted mother were here to plead for me in this hour of trial!

STRATH. Madge, you see my gray hairs. They have become so in serving the cause so dear to me, — so dear that there is no tie I would not break, no deed I would not do, for that purpose to which I have devoted all I possess. Why taunt me with the name of your mother? Did she not assist you to thwart my wishes in marrying Malcolm?

MADGE (*turns away*). Oh! is there no escape from this torture?

STRATH. Yes, one way, and only one. Leave this man, who has proved himself unworthy of you by taking arms against this just cause. I will carry you and your sister Agnes to a place of safety.

MADGE. Leave Malcolm! Father, all the devotion, all the sacrifice you have given to the South, all that and more I owe to my husband. No, no, there is no power, no terror, that will make me false to him.

STRATH. So be it. I have spoken the last words as your father. Henceforth, yourself and husband are no more to me than the rest of our enemies. Now send Agnes to me; she has no bonds to keep her here in this nest of traitors. Send her to me at once.

MADGE. But, father —

STRATH. At once. (*Exit MADGE, L.*) I shall at least have Agnes left to me. Should she, too, join the rest, I should be alone. (*Enter MADGE and AGNES, L.*)

AGNES. Ah! dear father, I am glad to see you.

STRATH. Oh, Agnes, daughter, I am grateful that you are left to me, — the last of all who claim kindred with me.

AGNES. Why do you speak so strangely? And this disguise, too — what does this mean? You are not safe here.

STRATH. No, I am not safe here. Every moment I am in the greatest danger. Prepare to accompany me hence at once.

AGNES. Is Madge going?

STRATH. She remains. She is no longer my daughter — no longer your sister. Until I can give you a home, I will

place you with the other gentlewomen of our party, the mothers, wives, and daughters of honest men and Southern rights.

AGNES. Then you are out with the Confederates, and want me to leave Madge without a friend to sympathize with her. Oh, father, don't ask me to do that. It would be cruel to desert her.

STRATH. (*pause: steps back, and with emotion*). You, too, forsake me! The autumn has come, the leaves drop from the tree, and gaunt and bare it fronts the whistling blast. My son taken from me, daughters gone, great Heavens! Forsaken, forsaken!

MADGE (*advancing*). Oh, no, father, we do not forsake you.

STRATH. You have seen me a weak old man (*brushes tears from cheek, and with change of manner*). You see me now a man, erect, firm, ready to die for the just cause. Farewell; (*fiercely*) had you been men, my own hand would have punished your treason.

AGNES. Oh, father! how wildly you talk. Every word imperils your life.

STRATH. (*replacing disguise*). I am in a den of traitors, and I know my danger. (*MADGE and AGNES converse; STRATH. at table, aside*.) Ha! what's this? A package addressed to Captain Oliphant, and bearing the official stamp of the War Department. This is a find. (*Pockets despatches. Steps heard, R.*)

MADGE (*turning hurriedly*). You must escape. My husband comes. Should you be discovered, nothing can save you. In here, quick.

(*Puts him in room, L., AGNES unlocks door R., and goes L. MADGE meets CAPT. O., who enters R.*)

CAPT. O. Wife, the men are in capital spirits. I have been forming them in soldierlike order before Colonel Strang arrives.

AGNES. Is it Colonel Henry Strang?

CAPT. O. Yes; do you know him?

AGNES. Slightly. I do not like him.

CAPT. O. (*missing despatches*). The despatches! Where are they? I left them here upon the table.

(*STRATH. appears at window, back, waves despatches, and disappears.*)

MADGE (*R., aside*). Merciful Heavens, my father must have taken them.

CAPT. O. Those despatches! Should they be lost, I tremble for the consequences. Wife, who has been here? The beggar — who was he?

MADGE. My father.

CAPT. O. He it was, then, who stole them, and this was accomplished through your connivance.

MADGE. Oh, no; I feared a meeting between you and —

CAPT. O. But he did not pass me! You must have secreted him in this room. (*Points L.*) He may yet be found. (*Exit L.*)

MADGE. Oh, Heavens! should they meet. Either husband or father — oh, agony! (*Re-enter CAPT. O. L.*)

CAPT. O. The window is open; he has escaped. Those despatches were of the utmost importance, containing information which will lead to the capture of many of our men. Yes, more; they have been stolen under circumstances so inevitably impugning my honesty that the government will not hesitate to brand me a traitor. I am ruined! Ruined!

MADGE. Husband, I alone am to blame. I fear it will drive me mad.

CAPT. O. I do not think you guilty. Heaven forgive me if, for a moment, such a suspicion flashed across my mind.

MADGE. He was deeply disguised. I, his daughter, could not have recognized him. (*Rings bell on table. Enter NEIL, R.*)

CAPT. O. Neil, have you seen any one leave the house within an hour?

NEIL. Yes, massa cap'n, I seed somfin, I donno what you call it — a 'spicious-looking individual. We was out in de stable, when dat old rinoseros come out dar. Says he, — de ole beggar, you know, massa, — says he to me, just as unsociable-like, says he, "I's in a great hurry," says he, "and now, you brack raskal, you jes tackle up de limberest hos your massa's got cos he wants me to take dese papers to a bery important place, and he said if I wan't spry he would help me along wid a big hoss-pistol he had in his boot leg! Golly, I was dat scard I couldn't pulled a settin' bumble-bee of en his nest.

CAPT. O. Quick, did you give him one?

NEIL. Yas, massa, I thought —

CAPT. O. Mount fifty men! Pursue him! We may — (*Crosses to L.*) No! no! I cannot. He is Madge's father. A thousand times my own shame than be his executioner.

(*To NEIL.*) See that the horses are saddled and await my orders. (*Exit NEIL, R.*) Madge, we are ruined, my darling, ruined!

MADGE. But, husband, — there is one hope left. I will go to the colonel; I will tell him you are innocent; that it is your wife and her father alone who are guilty. They may take my life and his, but they shall not harm you.

CAPT. O. Useless; your confession would only uselessly involve you in my fate. (*Sits and writes.*) Here, wife, I have adopted the only honorable measures open to me; I have written to Colonel Forbes explaining how the despatches were stolen, and throwing myself upon his mercy. (*Rises.*) If he is the true man I think he is, he will refuse to believe me dishonest. Meanwhile, Madge, take courage to face the worst. (*Crosses to AGNES, L., aside.*) Agnes, promise me to remain near Madge, and try to comfort, whatever may happen.

AGNES. I promise; but do not speak so gloomily. Let us hope for the best.

(*Enter NEIL, COL. STRANG, and RYAN, R.*)

CAPT. O. (*to COL. STRANG.*) I am glad to welcome you to my home.

STRANG. And I am proud to greet one of the nation's devoted adherents. (*Exit NEIL, R.*)

CAPT. O. Thank you, colonel; permit me to introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Oliphant.

STRANG. It is the renewal of an old acquaintance.

CAPT. O. Indeed! Excuse me a moment. (*Takes letter, goes L.*) This letter — shall I trust him with its contents?

STRANG (*to MADGE, taking her hand*). Have you ever informed the captain that I once sued in vain for the prize which he has won, — this fair hand?

MADGE (*taking hand away*). The acquaintance was so short, I did not think it of sufficient importance to remember. Shall I inform him now?

STRANG. Quite unnecessary.

AGNES (*to MALCOLM*). Beware of this man.

CAPT. O. I think I can trust him. (*Breaks seal of letter and hands to STRANG.*) Read this, colonel. As a friend, I desire your help and counsel in the very awkward circumstances which this letter explains.

STRANG (*reading*). The despatches stolen! Thief escaped! This is serious, sir. Have you no clew to the thief?

CAPT. O. I cannot answer that.

STRANG. Cannot answer! You know the penalty of your silence.

CAPT. O. It is death.

MADGE. No, no, I —

CAPT. O. Silence, wife; remember —

STRANG (*whispers to RYAN, who exits R.* . You force upon me a most disagreeable duty; but to fail in the discharge of it would subject me to the suspicion of complicity in your crime.

CAPT. O. Crime!

STRANG. Your sword, sir. (*After a pause, CAPT. O. gives sword; at same time RYAN enters with two soldiers, who, at a sign, take charge of prisoner.*)

AGNES. This is the height of folly. There is no one here who will not answer for Captain Malcolm —

STRANG. You may all find it difficult enough to answer for yourselves. When the head of the house is proven a traitor, all beneath the roof are with reason suspected.

AGNES. Such conduct is unworthy a soldier. Without more convincing proof I believe — I know he is innocent.

MADGE (*wildly*). He is innocent! He is innocent! The error is mine! I know the criminal!

(*Muffled drum outside beats a march as if at a distance; continues through following.*)

STRANG. His name!

CAPT. O. Madge! wife! —

MADGE. Merciful Heaven! I cannot denounce him —

(*Presses hand to forehead, staggers, and is caught in CAPT. O.'s arms. AGNES, weeping, drops in chair, head on table.*)

STRANG. Sergeant Ryan, remove the prisoner.

RYAN. This way, sir.

(STRANG. L.; AGNES, R.; MADGE, L. C., *extending her arms toward CAPT. O., who goes slowly to R. with RYAN. As he does so, drum-beats sound louder, and soldiers file past window at back. CAPT. O. turns at the sound, utters a cry of despair, and staggers into RYAN'S arms. MADGE runs to him and embraces him.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A street. Enter NEIL, R., a bundle under his arm, an old umbrella in one hand, eating a piece of bread. Walks very fast, turns, goes back, puts bread in hat, puts hat on head.*

NEIL. For de Lord's sake, dis darkey am so mixed up he don't know which way to go fust. Dis am de most pressin' occasion dat ever visited dis yere establishment. Dere is massa cap'n ; I spec dey will blow his head off afore I gets dare ; den dar is Missis Madge, she be's gone up to see Washington, — spect's he's some relation to George Washington what stole de hatchet — she's gone up to see about getting a 'prieve for massa cap'n ; and I clar to goodness I's all broke up. I spec dey'll wan't me for sojer yet. No, sar ; I'd rudder live ten year a coward, den twenty year a dead nigger. Howsomedever, I specks de best ting to do fust am to go to camp and see what a poor old darkey can do to help massa cap'n out of dat bad scrape. Dat old willain what stole de papers am de instigator of all dis rumpus. (*Looks off R., sees MIKE coming with face tied up with bandanna, the ends tied in knot so to stick up like ears.*) For de Lord's sake, what — what's dat got ears — no, horns — (*Turns to run.*) I hab decided to go de oder way.

MIKE (*outside*). Hould on, Blackie, I want to see yees. (*Enters R.*) Shtop, come back. (*NEIL peeps on cautiously ; enter NEIL.*)

NEIL. What's de matter ? Hab de ole woman been smoovin' your har wid de sof' end of de mop ?

MIKE. Where's Dr. Farlee, I dunno ! I've been to his office, and divil a soul could I find at all, at all ; and me wid an ache in me tooth as big as me head. Ouch, by the shades of St. Patrick ! (*Groans.*)

NEIL. De doctor hab gone to de war, and we done spect him back for quite a spell. (*Aside.*) Now, I'll get even wid him. I guess I could distract dat yere tooth for ye in about a jiffy.

MIKE. Och! go away wid yer foolin'! What does the loikes of ye's know about practicin' medicine?

NEIL. Well, I libbed wid Dr. Farlee for as much as tree months afore massa cap'n got married, and he neber distract a tooth but he always ask me to help. (*Aside.*) Empty de spittoon.

MIKE. Och, murther! (*Holding jaw.*) How much would yes ask to do the job?

NEIL. I ax you jis fifty cents, regular price, cash in hand. (*Aside.*) I'll gib him a dollar's worth of pullin'. (*Takes things from bundle.*)

MIKE. Say a quarter, can't ye? Will it hurt much? Faith, I wish I was a dafe mute widout a tooth in me head.

NEIL. Which am de right tooth?

MIKE. I seat mesilf quietly on the ground, and be aisy wid ye now; and if ye can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can. There, now, do ye see that off tooth on the nigh side?

(*Business of pulling tooth.*)

NEIL. Dat am de worst tooth harvest I ever experienced. I charge you one dollar —

MIKE. Ye's pooled the wrong tooth. If ye's think I'll pay ye a dollar for me head being pulled off, and the wrong tooth cooming out, ye'll be left.

NEIL. Gol-a-mity! I's bery sorry, sar, bery sorry! but I can gib you some immedigate relief dat will change your feelings pretty soon. (*Takes bottle from bundle.*) Cap-sick-um.

MIKE. Cap—who did you say?

NEIL. De ignoramps of some folks am surprising. Jest moisten your throat wid dat yere; good for sore throat, cold in de head, and will keep ye from catchin' cold in de head, and will keep you from catchin' cold in de hole dat de tooth come out of.

(*MIKE takes a drink and dances wildly about.*)

MIKE. Och! murder — fire — water! Be me soul, I have swallowed four quarts of yellar jackets, all business end foremost. Ye ugly black divel, what for would I be after payin' ye for pullin' me head off, and thin settin' fire to me throat! Be off wid ye, or by the howly St. Patrick I'll drum that black head of ye's into the middle of next week.

(*Chases him off, L.*)



SCENE II. — *Change to prison. Window at back, grated.*

CAPT. O. *seated on stool, c.*

CAPT. O. A weary, weary world, and, were it not for my wife, I should care but little what my fate might be. Tried, convicted, condemned; and yet never was man more innocent than I am. Friends all gone; not one to whisper a word of comfort to my desponding soul. Oh, friendship! empty bauble, that bursts at the first adverse wind! Dr. Farlee, why does he not come? And, Madge, Heaven bless her! how does she bear this terrible calamity? Some one approaches. To-morrow at eight o'clock I am to die. What can bring any one to see me now?

(*Enter GUARD and DR. FARLEE, R. GUARD paces to and fro.*)

DR. FARLEE. I am glad to see you, captain. I mean, I am sorry to see you here. It would appear that you are such a monstrous villain that they will not let me see you privately, though this is your last night on earth.

CAPT. O. Doctor, Heaven bless you! No, they will not allow any one to see me alone. I cannot account for it.

DR. F. I can. Colonel Strang!

CAPT. O. Is he here? Why should he wish me harm?

DR. F. Yes, he is here. No doubt, his reason for his course of conduct is the fact that, as he wanted to marry Madge before she became your wife, he has a fancy to marry your widow.

CAPT. O. Tush! doctor, you are vexed on my account. Forget him, and tell me the news. Where is Madge?

DR. F. She has gone to Washington; started two hours after your arrest, in hopes an appeal to the President would help you.

CAPT. O. My poor wife! She was so eager to save me that she has deprived me of the one solace that I thought left to me — the last touch of her hand, a last look into her eyes. Well, perhaps it is better as it is.

DR. F. Confound it! how did we know your trial was to be pushed forward with such disgraceful haste? If order is ever restored, those connected with this business shall be called to a strict account.

CAPT. O. That will not help me much.

DR. F. I hastened to General Hamilton. I complained,

I protested, I'm afraid I swore. He answered that he could not delay the sentence ; that your case was that of a spy.

CAPT. O. A spy !

DR. F. Yes, a spy. He would grant no favors except that I might spend an hour with you. (*Looks at watch.*) Forty-five minutes. (*To GUARD.*) My friend, here is a five-dollar bill ; can't you find us a bottle of wine ?

GUARD (*hands it to comrade outside, without leaving stage*). I have given it to the guard ; he will bring the wine. (*Paces as before.*)

DR. F. (*aside*). He knows his duty. (*To CAPT. O.*) I am going to tell you a story to beguile your time away. Oh, here's the wine. (*Wine is brought on tray ; they drink.*) But the story. Let me see. It was about a cousin of mine. He married young and suffered by it. The wife suffered too. He was pressed into service ; that made a bad sailor of him, and within one week after he was drafted on board ship he made two attempts to desert — I repeat, to desert.

CAPT. O. (*aside*). I think I understand.

DR. F. (*to GUARD*). Would you open that window ? the air is very stifling. (*As GUARD does so, aside.*) This is your story ; follow my instructions. (*Aloud.*) Well, for the first offence he was pardoned ; for the second he received four dozen with the cat ; and for the third he was to be strung up at the yard arm. He said but little, but, quiet as he seemed, he was not tamed yet. He determined to escape. He had no friend with whom he could arrange a plan for escape, and, even if he had, the prisoner would not even be allowed five minutes' conversation with him.

CAPT. O. And did he try in spite of that ?

DR. F. He did. At about midnight, he sprang from the port-hole into the water. His escape was at once discovered, but, notwithstanding the fact that several shots were fired upon him, he floated along with the tide and succeeded in making his escape, and was picked up by a boat. This was twelve o'clock, midnight. (*Hands CAPT. O. a file which he secretes in his clothing.*) What time is it, sergeant ?

GUARD. Twenty minutes after eleven.

DR. F. That is five minutes fast, according to my time. You have ten minutes left to tell me all you wish to have done.

CAPT. O. All I have is to go to my wife. I suppose our home will be seized by the government, but you may be able

to recover something for her by and by. Tell her I regret nothing that has passed ; that I am glad to prove, even with my life, if need be, how much I love her.

GUARD. The time of your interview has expired.

DR. F. Good-by. (*Aside.*) Twelve o'clock.

CAPT. O. (*aside*). I understand. (*Aloud.*) Good-by, old friend, and may Heaven bless you.

(*Exeunt* DR. F. and GUARD.)

CAPT. O. (*stands looking after them a moment, then paces to and fro*). Everything seems like a wild dream to me. Escape! Freedom! oh, how the words thrill to my very soul. Here is the file he brought to me; no, 'tis not a dream. This imprisonment — 'tis too fearfully real. Only one step between me and freedom, and yet, should I make the effort, Heaven knows how great may be my peril. It cannot be worse than it is already. To remain is certain death, to make my escape from this dungeon, there may be a chance for life. (*Goes to window; files away at bar.*) Ah! fortune favors me. (*Tries bar which is loose.*) One more effort, and I am free. (*Filing bar.*) Heaven will second my efforts; it will not tantalize me with a hope that can never be realized. (*Bar yields.*) To thee, Heaven, do I confide my life, my soul; and implore thy pity and aid.

(*Passes through window; is seen to jump. A pause. Enter GUARD from R.*)

GUARD. I neglected to remove the wine. What! the cell vacant! Prisoner gone! He must have escaped by the window. (*Sees bar.*) Ah, 'tis so; but I may still be able to see him. (*At window.*) I think I see him upon the water; a shot will tell. (*Shoots.*) Yes, 'twas he, and the shot must have taken effect as he has disappeared. I will give the alarm.

(*Exit R. Enter COL. STRANG, R. To window.*)

STRANG. Escaped! The guard informs me that he shot him upon the water. This is glorious news; and now, my lady Madge, by fair or foul means you must be mine. (*Exit R.*)

SCENE III. — *Change to apartment in house near camp.*  
MADGE seated at table, c., dressed in black.

MADGE. Ah, how a few short months change our lives. My dear husband dead to the world as Capt. Malcolm Oliphant, but saved from a watery grave by Dr. Farlee, when every one beside thought him drowned, and now, under the name of Coupland, is a common soldier in the Union army. Under the name of Mrs. Malcolm I have braved all danger to be at his side; and yet to be near him is ample pay for all. Agnes has a home with me, and is betrothed to Dr. Farlee, who is a brave and true man. Colonel Strang has already discovered my hiding-place, and continues his persecutions, which he commenced as soon as he thought my husband was drowned. (*Rises.*) And I, I must bear it all for Malcolm's sake. (*Enter DR. FARLEE.*) Ah, doctor, what news do you bring from Malcolm, and what from Agnes?

DR. F. I am not acquainted with any one by that name. Coupland is well, and his wild scheme has succeeded better than we dared to hope.

MADGE. This is good news, and helps me to bear the unpleasant message I had this morning, — a note from Colonel Strang, saying he would visit me to-day. Oh, doctor, how can I receive him without showing him that I detest him?

DR. F. Be patient only a little while longer, and I hope to be able to relieve you of his importunities and tell you that Coupland is free to declare himself.

MADGE. I will try. I can do anything that is necessary to Malcolm's safety. But tell me of him.

DR. F. Well, when I fished him out of the water and carried him to the cottage, he declared his resolution to enter the ranks as a common soldier and prove his fidelity to the cause for which he had taken arms.

MADGE. It was a noble thought.

DR. F. His services have already made him a favorite with every officer of the regiment, and won for him the special regard of General Kerr. He is now Sergeant Coupland; with prospects of being promoted.

MADGE. You make me very happy. I begin to see the end of all this masquerading.

DR. F. Agnes is well and reports very little progress.

Ah, here comes your old faithful servant, and I will leave you; good-day. (*Exit, L.*)

MADGE. Yes, he has indeed been faithful, and I hope he may have news from Malcolm. (*Enter NEIL, R.*) Neil, Heaven bless and reward you for your fidelity.

NEIL. Dis child am powerful glad to see you, honey. It mos' takes my breff away ebbery time I think ob de tribulation you hab been fru.

MADGE. You have been with Malcolm. Is there any word from him?

NEIL. Yes, chile, here it am, sartin sure. I'se de bearer ob despatches, I is. (*Gives letter.*) Me and Mike is going to de plantation ober yonder fore-age-in' for de supplies, an' I will drop in on de way back, and see if you want to send anything by pirate conwayance. (*Exit R.*)

MADGE. From my husband. Heaven bless him! (*Opens and reads.*) "My Own Dear Wife, — Nearly a year has passed since we were together. Scarcely a year, and yet a dreary age of misery and suspense has been concentrated in the brief space. But the hour of our triumph is near. I have returned to-day, successfully, from an expedition which no one but myself would undertake. The general has publicly acknowledged my services to the government, and, thanks to his favor, I hope, in a few days, to declare myself, and claim a reversion of the sentence so hastily pronounced upon me. Be cheerful, then, for our separation will only endure a little longer. Commend me to your sister Agnes, and to your own good thoughts. Your true and loving husband, Malcolm." Ah, Malcolm, dear husband, so brave and true, and yet to be forced to face these dangers as Sergeant Coupland, and daily live in fear of detection. Oh, when will it end! (*Buries face in her hands.*)

(*Enter COL. S., R.*)

COL. S. I beg pardon, madam, if I intrude, but I come on important business. I am sorry to find you looking so gloomy.

MADGE. Your business, Colonel?

COL. S. To warn you of your danger, and to offer you protection.

MADGE. Danger! With what new peril am I threatened?

COL. S. There is peril everywhere to the friends of the rebels. Were it known that Mrs. Malcolm is the widow of the traitor, Malcolm Oliphant, imprisonment might follow — perhaps something worse.

MADGE. But I have committed no crime.

COL. S. Your crime, madam, is your kinship with two of the most notorious rebels —

MADGE. It is false; my husband was not a traitor, and I claim for him the respect due to the memory of a Union soldier.

COL. S. Absurd as it may seem, a report has been received that he still lives. Nay, more, that he is chief agent of the Confederates, and is at present in the camp of General Kerr as a spy; and the inquiry which is about to be made, I fear, will lead to your identification. Every man in camp is to be examined, and every house searched; and every person who does not answer clearly is doomed. I am here to warn you.

MADGE. I'm afraid the warning will not shield me from danger.

COL. S. I have come not only to warn you but to tell you there is one who has the power to protect you; and he will venture everything for your sake, if you will but give him the legal right to do so.

MADGE. Colonel Strang!

COL. S. Forgive me, madam. I am too blunt a soldier to be a politic wooer. Marriage alone can give me the right to protect you.

MADGE. I am grateful for your friendship, but I beseech you not to repeat your proposal.

COL. S. I see I have been too abrupt in my desire to render you a service. When next we meet, let me find you in better spirits; and then I shall ask you to name the day when you will be mine. I have only a moment to stop now, so must bid you good-day. (*Exit R.*)

MADGE. Heaven knows how I have endured the presence of that man when my heart has been bursting. "Every man in camp examined — Every house searched — doomed if they cannot give a clear account." — How can I warn him? He must escape. To remain is certain death. He feels so safe in his innocence that a letter will not be sufficient. No, there is only one way. I must go myself to camp, and with my own lips tell him of the impending danger: plead with him, implore him, by the love he bears his wife, not to die the death of a spy. (*Walks the floor. Enter NEIL, R.*)

NEIL. Here I is, Mrs. Madge, ready to do anything for you. I've done a heap ob lookin' round since I was here.

Some very important observations been deweloped. I's in for de Union, sartin sure.

MADGE. Neil, would you risk your life to save your master?

NEIL. Yes, missus, sartin sure's you're born.

MADGE. Then you must help me get into camp to-night. I must see your master.

NEIL. Bress you, honey, how'll you get de pass?

MADGE. Dr. Farlee will provide me with one, and you must provide the disguise.

NEIL. I will do anything you say, missus.

MADGE. Come with me, then ; I will give you full instructions as to what I want.

**CURTAIN.**

### ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Camp. Stand of colors, C. Guns stacked, R. and L. Guard pacing back and forth. Soldiers around camp-fire at back as curtain rises. CAPT. O. is seated with them, disguised by a short beard.*

CAPT. O. (*rising, comes down*). If I could only hear from Madge, that she is safe and well, how it would comfort me. When I think of the shame, the ignominy which has blackened my name, and the disgrace which would surely follow my identification, I have still greater fears for her safety. How she must be pained with thoughts of my being discovered. Yet it is her honor as well as my own that I am striving for. She has shared my shame, poor girl, and she shall be proud of my victory.

RYAN (*enters, carrying basket*). By the holy St. Patrick, we got out of that scrape by the skin of our teeth.

CAPT. O. Why, what is the matter, Mike?

RYAN. Well, now, ye see I was foraging around a patch of paraties jist over the hill beyand, and the fust thing I knew I was right in a hornet's nest of Johnny Rebs that came down on me like a chicken on a hawk. But I didn't come away empty-handed, though, for I had crept in through a knot houl of an ould smoke-house, and helped meself to a ham and string of sasage and a she biddy hen what was a-settin' in a barrel on a glass egg and two bricks. I axed her what was she trying to do, I dunno, and she said she was trying to hatch out an American eagle for the Southern Confederacy; and I told her she was me prisoner, and she spoke so loud it raised the rebs, and I took to me heels, and the bullits after me, bad luck to um. I dodged ivery one save a hole in me hat. But here comes something foine we Yanks don't see in camp every day — a bonefidy lassie.

(MADGE *enters in disguise as Scotch flower girl, singing a song.*)

MADGE. Flowers, beautiful flowers. Who can refuse to



buy them? (*Goes around trying to sell.*) Only a dime; come buy — come buy.

RYAN. Begorra, lassie, we're obliged to ye, but ye are the swatest blossom of the whole lot. Come, give me a kiss, can't ye? (*She starts back; he follows.*)

MADGE (*alarmed*). No, no, my man, it be agin the rules.

RYAN. Ye must pay the price of a passport among us.

MADGE. If that's the price, I'll pay it, but to only one; and ye'll have to let me choose the man, laddie.

(*Steps to CAPT. O. to pin on bouquet; he discovers her.*)

CAPT. O. Good Heavens! Madge!

RYAN. So ye shall, lassie; and we'll respect your choice.

MADGE. Let this be the man, then.

ALL (*laughing*). Three cheers for Coupland! (*Cheer.*)

RYAN. I say, old fellow, it's well enough to kiss her once, but ye goes too far. Ye make our mouths water.

CAPT. O. Pardon, comrades, pardon; there's a kiss for each of you.

RYAN. Hould on: let's have one for ourselves.

CAPT. O. Listen to me, boys; I see in this face the portrait of a very dear friend.

RYAN. An ould friend, is it?

CAPT. O. Yes, an old friend. Some of you have wives, and the rest have sweethearts.

RYAN. You're right, sergeant.

CAPT. O. I had a sweetheart once, so pure, so true, but a cloud of misfortune came between us, and hid her from my sight. But it could not hide her from my dreams. By the camp-fire, when the smoke of battle enveloped me like a cloud, she was ever present in memory, giving me thoughts of better things, and strength to dare to win them. This is what my lass was to me, yet there were bitter thoughts associated with her. I was like one dead to her, and she had no protector. Worse; I recollected her charms would not lack admirers, and the demon jealousy tortured me with the fear that she might forget me.

MADGE (*aside*). Never, Malcolm, never!

CAPT. O. 'Twas only a brief pang, for, when doubt darkened on me, it seemed as if I could see the bright hope of her face beaming on me, and I had courage to fight; and trying to do my duty has won for me your good will and my sergeant's badge.

RYAN. And, sure, ye desarved um all, and the girl beside into the bargain.

CAPT. O. Then, comrades, after a weary while of separation and suspense, do you wonder that I seem to take more than my share of this flower?

RYAN. Good luck to you! (*Shakes hands.*) And the girl shall have the respect we would pay a princess. Three cheers for them, boys! (*Cheers.*)

(*Roll of drum is heard, and order to fall in. Exeunt Soldiers, R.*)

MADGE. I must speak with you alone.

CAPT. O. Impossible! All would be lost if we were discovered.

MADGE. You must escape now. Every man in camp is to be searched; you are betrayed.

CAPT. O. No, no, Madge, it cannot be. I could not escape, even should I try. Every pass is guarded. The general has ordered me to accompany him to-night upon special service; I stay to prove my innocence.

MADGE. This search will condemn you, innocent as you are.

CAPT. O. It cannot alter my determination.

MADGE. If you are discovered, reveal the truth. I will bear you witness, even though it criminate my father. You must not die as a traitor.

CAPT. O. No, Madge, no; I am only doing my duty, and am resolved to meet the worst. But you must not remain longer in camp. Go, and Heaven protect you.

MADGE. Yes, I go, true to the last, remember. (*They embrace; he goes R., she L., meeting COL. S.*)

COL. S. Ah, ha! my pretty one! I should know that form among a thousand. (*Attempts to follow her, but is stopped by CAPT. O.*)

CAPT. O. I beg your pardon, colonel; I have something to say.

COL. S. Out of the way, sir!

CAPT. O. No, sir! I must speak.

COL. S. Must, sir! You forget yourself.

CAPT. O. No, no, I do not forget that you are Colonel Strang, while I am Coupland, a poor soldier. But, sir, even a common soldier has a heart, and the good name of those I love is as dear to me as though I were a commanding officer.

COL. S. Bah! Out of the way, I say.

CAPT. O. You would follow that woman.

COL. S. If it pleases me.

CAPT. O. But it does not please her or me. If she is more than life to me, what then?

COL. S. The chances are, if you do not get out of the way, you will have a sharp lesson for your insubordination.

CAPT. O. You have the power, and a word from you will place me in front of a file of comrades to be shot. But if you are a gentleman, you will not use your power like a scoundrel; you will not force your acquaintance upon a woman who is so little to you and so much to me.

(*Enter Dr. F., unobserved.*)

COL. S. That depends on the pleasure of the lady.

DR. F. (*to Capt. O., aside*). In Heaven's name what are you doing?

CAPT. O. (*not heeding*). But the lady is an honest woman —

COL. S. (*pushing him away*). Out of the way, sir. You have made a mistake if you expect favor in the eyes of the lady who has just left us. She whom you have dared to insult with your attentions is my affianced wife. Are you satisfied? (*Exit L.*)

CAPT. O. (*aside*). Do my senses deceive me? His affianced wife! No, no; it is a base falsehood, and yet the words of Dr. Farlee come back to me. No, no; I'll not believe it. Madge, my own wife, you are not false to me. Heaven forgive me for the thought. My darling wife exposed to the persecutions of this villain, and I, her husband, dare not speak, nor raise a finger to defend her. If I could only see her once more. If only for a few moments, I *must* see her, let the consequences be what they may. (*To Dr. F.*) Oh, doctor, you are my friend. Procure for me a pass to quit the camp.

DR. F. O. Quit the camp! And now! Impossible.

CAPT. O. Only for one hour. I have done enough to deserve that small favor, and I must have it. I must see my wife.

DR. F. So you shall in good time, but control yourself.

CAPT. O. Control myself! Doctor, if you knew the torture which I endure every moment I stand here, you would wonder that I do not go mad. You may well say control yourself, but you do not know what a demon there is in a jealous heart.

DR. F. Jealous! You cannot be jealous of your wife!

CAPT. O. No, no ; and yet I am. Did you not hear what Strang said ? He called her his affianced wife.

DR. F. Then he lied.

CAPT. O. Yes, he lied ; but remember my position. I am dead, yet living. I dare not raise a finger in my own defence. My life is forfeited to the law, and recognition would be death. My wife, persecuted by this man, is defenceless, is at his mercy, and I powerless to aid her.

DR. F. You do not doubt her truth to you ?

CAPT. O. No. Heaven help me, I scarcely know *what* I doubt, or hope, or fear. Think of her wretched condition — the widow of a living man. Think of the advantage this man holds over her.

DR. F. He can never drive her into marriage with him.

CAPT. O. But it will subject her to tortures of which I may relieve her. It will subject me to madness from which she can save *me*. I must save her. Oh ! the pass, doctor ; you will, you *must* get it for me.

DR. F. I tell you the result would be discovery and death.

CAPT. O. Oh, doctor, for the love of Heaven, get me the pass.

DR. F. It is her life you hazard as well as your own.

CAPT. O. For the sake of Madge, who is so dear to me.

DR. F. This is madness. If you are bound to destruction, I will not hasten the journey. (*Exit L. ; CAPT. O. looks after him despairingly.*)

SCENE II. — *Plain room. MADGE seated reading. Enter COL. S.*

COL. S. Ah, good-morning, Mrs. Malcolm. You will excuse my early visit.

MADGE (*aside*). Good Heavens ! here again. (*Aloud.*) It is rather unexpected.

COL. S. I come again to urge my suit. It is reported that Malcolm Oliphant still lives. Of course, the rumor is absurd, but it imperils your safety as well as your sister's. There is only one way to prove it false — become my wife without more delay. Refuse, and I will learn before the day

is over why you visited the camp last night, by arresting the drunken vagabond who prevented me from following you.

MADGE. You are cruel, colonel.

COL. S. It is because I love you that I have endeavored to persuade when it is in my power to compel.

MADGE. Sir, you do yourself injustice. You have left nothing undone which would *compel* my submission.

COL. S. There is one influence yet to be tried — force.

MADGE. You are frank, at all events. This interview, if prolonged, will be an unpleasant one. Allow me to aid you. I shall never marry again; and if you were a gentleman, as you claim to be, you would not force your unwelcome visits upon me in this manner. *(She attempts to leave the room; he grasps her by the arm and stops her.)*

MADGE. Unhand me, sir. *(She shakes him off.)*

COL. S. You must change your mind, and that before I leave.

MADGE. Must! —

COL. S. Precisely. I have a fancy to fix the date of our marriage *now*. In yonder old church lurks a rebel on whose head a heavy price is set. I need not tell you who it is — your father. A word from me, and he is captured and hanged or shot as a spy. His life depends on your answer. Remain obstinate, and within an hour he will be in the hands of justice. And listen. Mark ye, ere to-morrow's sun shall set he shall die, and your admirer of the camp will be swinging from the highest tree in the forest.

MADGE *(aside)*. Heaven help me! *(Shouts outside; a gun heard; MADGE runs to window. COL. S. follows her.)*

MADGE. Ah, there is some one running yonder. He evades his pursuers — he has hid in yonder clump of bushes. They pass him — now he comes this way — they see him and follow close behind — they are coming this way — it is — no — yes, it is — oh, they will kill him before my eyes. Now they have overtaken him — no, he eludes them. *(A shot fired.)* Heavens! he is shot. *(Faints; is supported to chair R., by COL. S., who stands over her as CAPT. O. rushes in, L. He stops dumfounded on beholding situation.)*

CAPT. O. *(aside)*. Oh, great Heavens! Madge! for whom I risked my life!

COL. S. Have you a pass, sir? *(Steps before MADGE so that she is hidden from OLIPHANT.)*

CAPT. O. I have none.

COL. S. Who are you, sir, who dare intrude yourself upon this lady in my presence — my bride of to-morrow?

CAPT. O. She does not deny it. Great God! Am I dreaming? Madam, is it possible that you accept this man?

COL. S. Do you know to what penalty you have exposed yourself?

CAPT. O. I have counted the cost, and accept the penalty. Oh, that yonder bullet had not missed the mark.

(MADGE *rises, crosses in front of* CAPT. O.)

MADGE (*aside*). Merciful Father! fill his soul with faith in me. Let him look into my eyes and see how much I love him.

CAPT. O. I have asked the lady a question. (*To* MADGE.) Your answer, madam.

COL. S. By what right, sir, do you question this lady?

CAPT. O. Your answer, madam?

COL. S. Stand back, sir, or we will find a rope to teach you manners.

CAPT. O. Madam, I demand an answer.

COL. S. If you delay another moment, I will have you whipped from the place like a dog.

CAPT. O. I have a right which she dare not deny. Ladies of higher rank have stooped before, and humbler men than I, a common soldier, have dared to love them. Bid her tell the rest. Heaven command her to tell the truth — yes, the truth; that if she is false to me she is a perjured and dishonored woman.

MADGE (*aside*). And I must hear all this and dare not utter one word in self-defence, for his sake. Oh! why will he not have faith in me?

COL. S. Answer the fool, madam, and let him go.

CAPT. O. Ay! answer the fool, madam, and let him go.

MADGE (*aside*). What shall I do? To expose him is certain death. Why will he not trust me? (*Aloud.*) What answer can I give to this charge of dishonor?

CAPT. O. Tell this man you cannot be his wife.

MADGE. I have already told him so repeatedly.

COL. S. Be careful, madam. You are already suspected of being an accomplice of the rebels. I demand you to go with me.

MADGE. I will not go.

COL. S. Will not! You forget, madam, that I have the

power to make you repent of this folly. If you remain you will perish with this knave at your side. Choose, madam! Choose safety with me, or death with him. (MADGE *places her hand in* CAPT. O.'s.)

MADGE. I have chosen — death with him. (CAPT. O. *kisses her hand*.)

COL. S. My devotion and love you have treated with contempt. You are unworthy the respect, even, which I have shown you. You shall presently see what my hate can do. (*Goes to L.*)

CAPT. O. Stay, sir; you have dared to insult this lady, and, by Heaven, you shall answer for it to me.

COL. S. Indeed! I shall know the right you have to demand an explanation before I give it.

CAPT. O. Colonel Strang, will you do me the honor to descend from your position and try your sword against mine? As an officer, I respect your position; as a man, I say you are a villain so base that no words of scorn and contempt can hurt you. (STRANG *draws a pistol*; MADGE *rushes between them*.)

MADGE. Shoot me first. (COL. S. *crosses R.*; CAPT. O. *puts MADGE back*.)

COL. S. Prove to me the woman is worth the risk, and my sword shall answer for the slander.

CAPT. O. I will prove her honest even to your foul mind, Colonel Strang. I am her husband. (*Removes false beard*.)

COL. S. Ha! ha! ha! It is for this I have been waiting, my valiant fellow. You are trapped, and will have to answer before General Kerr. Methinks, ere many days, you will meet the fate you deserve. (*Exit R.*)

MADGE. Oh, Malcolm, how could you? We are lost — lost together.

CAPT. O. Explain, if you can, madam, the situation in which I surprised you.

MADGE. My dear husband, how you have wronged me, you do not know. Colonel Strang has urged his suit in every possible way; I refused him again and again; he at last used threats, saying my father was lodged in yonder church, and on his head was set a heavy price, and unless I consented to become his wife before to-morrow's sun, he would have him arrested and executed as a spy, together with my admirer of the camp of last night, meaning you. At that moment, I heard the report of a gun and hastened to the

window only to see you pursued and shot at. I fainted from the shock, and was supported by him to my chair.

CAPT. O. Can this be true?

MADGE. How could you doubt me who braved a father's curse because I loved you? I have followed you to a land full of the saddest memories, and remained here where every generous sentiment of my nature is daily outraged, in hourly terror for the safety of all who are dear to me. I have overcome a woman's fears — Heaven help me, almost a woman's modesty; risked a reputation, and submitted to a thousand humiliations of pride and self-respect, all because I loved you; and now you come to me full of suspicions alike unworthy of you and dishonorable to me. This it cuts more keenly to my heart than all the combined sorrows of the years gone by.

CAPT. O. Madge, when you know all that transpired between us last night after you left us, how he insulted me on your account, and told me you were his affianced wife — when you know that revenge is so sweet to him that he will have it at any cost — when you know how much I love you, and the bitterness of this disguise and separation — when you consider all this, perhaps you will pity, if you cannot forgive. 'Tis my love for you that drove me almost to despair, braving death itself to get one word with you. I came, regardless of my pledge not to leave the camp — regardless of picket balls and risk of exposure — to find, as I supposed, his words confirmed, and you in his arms. Oh, Madge, how I have wronged you! I can never forgive myself. (*Takes her hand.*)

MADGE. Dear Malcolm, I pity you because I know what you have suffered (*puts her arms around his neck*), and forgive you because I love you. He has gone to order our arrest, but we will share the consequences together.

(*Enter Col. S. with guard.*)

COL. S. Guard, take charge of these prisoners; see they do not escape. I have ordered the house guarded and searched for other traitors. (*To MADGE.*) Young woman, you will have the pleasure of hearing from your father presently. I have ordered his arrest, and he will share the fate of a spy with that traitor at your side. Comfort yourself with the thought that *you* have suffered it to be so. The guard will at once remove the prisoners to the headquarters of Gen. Kerr for court-martial.



SCENE III. — *Open space in woods outside of Union camp; trees, R. and L. At back, R., a large rock before which stands CAPT. O. (in white shirt, no coat), facing the firing squad of six soldiers, under command of SERGEANT RYAN, who are front, L. GEN. KERR and COL. STRANG, R., front. Soldiers and loiterers from camp, R. and L.*

GEN. KERR. Malcolm Oliphant, it becomes my painful duty to carry out the sentence pronounced by court-martial. You are to suffer the penalty prescribed by military law for a spy and traitor to your country. If you have anything to say, you now have the opportunity. You have five minutes in which to prepare yourself to meet your fate.

CAPT. O. General Kerr, — comrades, — this is no time or place to tell a lie. I am to die as a traitor, as I fully realize. I am innocent of the charges brought against me, as Heaven is my witness. I am neither a spy nor a traitor, and, when the day of days shall come, and we are judged by the deeds done here in the body, you will then know that Malcolm Oliphant died for another's crime — died true to the Union — true to the last. I have nothing more to say.

(GEN. KERR steps to CAPT. O., grasps his hand, and turns back to former place, signalling to SGT. RYAN.)

RYAN. Attention, squad! Advance two paces! Ready, aim —

(Enter NEIL, back, L.)

NEIL. Hold on dar, for de Lord's sake, Massa Ryan, hold on — a repreibe, a repreibe. (*Rushes down stage, and hands paper to GEN. KERR, who has advanced to 'C. of stage and eagerly takes it.*)

GEN. KERR. Recover arms! (*Squad obeys, while GEN. KERR opens paper and reads.*)

NEIL. Tank de Lord, I'm in time! Tight squeeze, dough. Run all de way. Dare am a whole cloud ob witenesses coming. Dare's a good time coming, it am almost here — glory hallilujum!

GEN. KERR (*reads*). "I command the release of Malcolm Oliphant, as I have positive proof of his innocence. I also command the release of his wife, Madge, now in custody as an accomplice, and order the arrest of" (GEN. KERR stops, looks at COL. STRANG.) The remainder of the document seriously affects the honor of an officer of rank. Colonel

Strang, you are charged with being deeply involved in the crime, and may consider yourself under arrest until this matter can be investigated. (*To guard.*) Release the prisoner and Mrs. Oliphant.

COL. S. Who dares utter a word against the honor of Colonel Strang?

STRATHROY (*enters L. V. E.*). I dare. You have sought to use me to further your own ends, but, thank Heaven, I am not too late to atone for the evil I have done. Malcolm Oliphant is innocent of complicity with me, even in thought. He is to blame only for sacrificing his own life for my sake. I have been blind to his worth, but the sting of conscience brings me here to do all I can to repair the wrong I have done him.

COL. S. Soldiers, fire on him, he is a rebel spy.

GEN. KERR. Hold! I, sir, command here. Go on with your story—give us proof of what you say, or it will avail nothing.

STRATH. I stole the despatches for which you condemn Oliphant. Here they are. (*Hands them.*) These are not the first documents which came to my hands. Yonder knave tampered with your private papers, copies of which he brought to me, and received, in exchange, large sums of money. I have learned, with shame, of his persecution of my daughter Madge; of his attempt to rob her of her husband, and compel her to marry himself—

COL. S. 'Tis a base falsehood, prepared by a family of traitors, to save Malcolm Oliphant.

STRATH. Here are the proofs. (*Hands papers to GEN. KERR.*)

COL. S. (*draws pistol*). Take that, scoundrel!

GEN. KERR. Guard, seize both of those men.

STRATH. (*fires and kills COL. S.*). We have plotted villainy together, and die together. (*Shoots himself.*)

GEN. KERR. They have taken justice into their own hands.

(*Enter, R., MADGE, AGNES, and DR. FARLEE. MADGE screams and rushes into her husband's arms.*)

MADGE. Oh, husband! I feared you were killed. What was the meaning of those shots? You are not injured, are you?

CAPT. O. (*steps between her and STRATHROY'S body, which soldiers, at the signal of GEN. KERR, take up and bear off,*

L.). No, my darling, I am unhurt ; it is our enemy, Colonel Strang, who has met the fate he planned for us.

MADGE. But the firing ! My father ! Where is he ?

(AGNES leaves DR. FARLEE, and comes to her side.)

CAPT. O. Your father has made atonement for his crime at the cost of his life. Do not weep ! Is it not better than that he should die the death of a traitor at the hands of justice ?

(MADGE and AGNES weep in one another's arms.)

DR. F. Malcolm, I congratulate you on your restoration to rank and honor. You have been foully dealt with, but the end has come.

CAPT. O. Ah, doctor, how can I reward you for your comfort and assistance in my hour of need ?

DR. F. Why, very easily. By giving, as head of the family, your consent to my marriage with Agnes. (Goes to AGNES, and leads her L., consoling her.)

CAPT. O. (to MADGE, C.). Shall we let this big fellow steal away our sister ?

(MADGE, who is leaning upon her husband's shoulder, turns her head, and extends one hand to DR. F., who takes it. AGNES runs to other side of CAPT. O., who kisses her on forehead.)

NEIL. I's so glad, seems as tho' I should bust. Won't somebody hold me togedder ?

CURTAIN.

# LIST OF PLAYS.

ARRANGED BY NUMBER OF CHARACTERS, MALE AND FEMALE.  
FURTHER PARTICULARS IN REGULAR LIST.  
PRICE GIVEN AFTER EACH PLAY.

*Where a play is known under two titles, both are given as separate plays, in this list only.*

## TWO CHARACTERS. — One Male, one Female.

An Original Idea . . . 15

## THREE CHARACTERS. — Two Males, One Female.

Box and Cox . . . . . 15	Mary Moo . . . . . 15	Silent Woman . . . . . 15
Unprotected Female . . . 15		Which Shall I Marry? 15

## One Male, Two Females.

Apples . . . . . 15	Two Flats and a Sharp 15	Which will Have Him? 15
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## FOUR CHARACTERS. — Two Males, Two Females.

Bouquet . . . . . 15	Census Taker . . . . . 15	Fairy's Father . . . . . 15
Give a Dog, etc. . . . . 15	Mr. Joffin's Latchkey 15	Madam is Abed . . . . . 15
Match Makers . . . . . 15	None so Deaf as those	Putkins . . . . . 15
Personal Matter . . . . . 25	who Won't Hear . . . 15	Zerubabel's Second Wife 15

## Three Males, One Female.

Bombastes Furioso . . . 15	The Tempter . . . . . 15	Sailor's Return . . . . . 15
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## FIVE CHARACTERS. — Three Males, Two Females.

Anonymous Kiss . . . . . 15	Doubtful Victory . . . . . 15	Under a Veil . . . . . 15
Cousin Tom . . . . . 15	My Son Diana . . . . . 15	Nature and Philosophy 15
Done on Both Sides . . . 15	Two Buzzards . . . . . 15	To Oblige Benson . . . . 15
Sylvia's Soldier . . . . . 15	Appearances are De-	Welsh Girl . . . . . 15
Ugly Customer . . . . . 15	ceitful . . . . . 15	The Youth who Never
Blue and Cherry . . . . . 15	Don't Judge by Ap-	Saw a Woman . . . . . 15
	pearances . . . . . 15	

## Two Males, Three Females.

Kiss in the Dark . . . . . 15	My Husband's Secret 15	Poor Pillicoddy . . . . . 15
	Phantom Breakfast . 15	

## Four Males, One Female.

Only a Clod . . . . . 15	Two Heads are Better	Trumpeter's Daughter 15
	than One . . . . . 15	

## SIX CHARACTERS. — One Male, Five Females.

The Only Young Man in Town 30

## Three Males, Three Females.

Annt Charlotte's Maid 15	My Sister's Husband . 15	Sarah's Young Man . . . 15
Always Intended . . . . . 15	Never Say Die . . . . . 15	Two Puddifoots . . . . . 15
	Your Life's in Danger 15	

## Four Males, Two Females.

Dandelion's Dodges . . . 15	John Wopps . . . . . 15	Sunshine through the
Drop Too Much . . . . . 15	Nursey Chickweed . . 15	Clouds . . . . . 15
From Information I Re-	Needless Stratagem (A) 15	Soldier, Sailor, Tinker,
ceived . . . . . 15	once on a Time . . . . . 15	and Tailor . . . . . 15
I've Written to Brown 15	Slice of Luck (A) . . . 15	We're All Teetotallers 15
	Sullivan, The Slugger 15	

## Five Males, One Female.

Advice to Husbands . . . 15		Diamond Cut Diamond 15
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## Two Males, Four Females.

Eliza Carisbrooke, etc. 15	How the Colonel Pro-	Jane's Legacy . . . . . 15
	posed . . . . . 15	

**SEVEN CHARACTERS. — Four Males, Three Females.**

Boston Dip . . . . . 15	Comrades . . . . . 25	Peace and Quiet . . . 15
Bowled Out . . . . . 15	Don's Stratagem . . . 15	Smashington Goit . . . 15
Bit of Brummagem . . 15	My Turn Next . . . . 15	Silverston's Wager . . . 15
Brother Bill and Me . 15	Mysterious Disappear-	Thirty Minutes for Re-
Class Day . . . . . 25	ance . . . . . 15	freshments . . . . . 15
	Poison . . . . . 25	

**Three Males, Four Females.**

Cool Collegians (The) . . . 25	Pretty Piece of Property . . 15
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**Six Males, One Female.**

Family Failing . . . . 15	Look After Brown . . . 15	Turkish Bath . . . . 15
		Five Males, Two Females.
Dora . . . . . 15	John Dobbs . . . . . 15	Slasher and Crasher . . 15
Free Ward (The) . . . 15	Old Honesty . . . . . 15	Seeing the Elephant . . 15
	Poor Peter . . . . . 15	

**EIGHT CHARACTERS. — Four Males, Four Females.**

Crinoline . . . . . 15	Christmas Box . . . . 15	My Precious Betsy . . 15
	Our Mutual Friend . . 25	
		Six Males, Two Females.
Blanks and Prizes . . 15	Fighting by Proxy . . . 15	True Unto Death . . . 15
Daughter of Regiment 15	Love's Labor Saved . . 15	Uncle Robert . . . . 15

**Five Males, Three Females.**

Bread on the Waters . 15	Husband to Order . . . 15	Little More Cider . . . 15
Flower of the Family . 15	John Smith . . . . . 15	My Brother's Keeper . . 15
His Last Legs . . . . . 15	Last Loaf (The) . . . . 15	Nicholas Flain . . . . 15
	Little Brown Jug (The) 15	

**Seven Males, One Female.**

Payable on Demand . . 15	Sea of Troubles . . . . 15
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**NINE CHARACTERS. — Six Males, Three Females.**

Another Glass . . . . 15	Dunducketty's Picnic . 15	Midnight Banquet . . . 15
Down by the Sea . . . 15	Hit Him, He has no	On and Off . . . . . 15
	Friends . . . . . 15	

**Five Male, Four Females.**

Better than Gold . . . 25	Queen's Heart (The) . . 15	Race for a Widow . . . 15
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**Two Males, Seven Females.**

**Thorn among the Roses . 15**

**TEN CHARACTERS. — Six Males, Four Females.**

Among the Breakers . 15	Damon and Pythias . . 15	Lying will Out . . . . 15
Bull in a China Shop . 15	Game of Dominos . . . 15	Mrs. Walthrop's Bach-
Duchess of Dublin . . 15	Lost in London . . . . 15	elors . . . . . 25

**Seven Males, Three Females.**

Coupon Bonds . . . . 25	Flowing Bowl (The) . . 25	Miller and his Men . . . 15
Enlisted for War . . . 15	Home Guard (The) . . . 15	Paddle your Own Canoe 15
Ella Rosenberg . . . . 15		Shaker Lovers . . . . 15

**Five Males, Five Females.**

Both Alike . . . . . 15	Cleft Stick (The) . . . 15	Lords of Creation . . . 15
	Old and Young . . . . 15	

**ELEVEN CHARACTERS. — Six Males, Five Females.**

Babie . . . . . 25	The Miller's Wife . . . 15	The "Tomboy" . . . . 15
Giralda . . . . . 15	Our Folks . . . . . 15	

**Eight Males, Three Females.**

Lost Mine (The) . . . 25	"Nevada" . . . . . 25	Our Boys of 1776 . . . 15
	One Hundred Years Ago 15	

**Seven Males, Four Females.**

**Five Males, Six Females.**

Above the Clouds . . . . 15	The Christening . . . . 15
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**Nine Males, Two Females.**

**Don Cæsar de Bazan . 15**

# TWELVE CHARACTERS. — Nine Males, Three Females.

Ticket of Leave Man . . . . .	15	Wife's Secret (The) . . . . .	15
Ten Males, Two Females.		Eight Males, Four Females.	
Gaspardo, the Gondolier . . . . .	15	Fool's Revenge (The) . . . . .	15

# OVER TWELVE CHARACTERS.

Aladdin . . . . .	15	Jeweller's Apprentice . . . . .	15	Scarlet Letter . . . . .	15
Babes in the Woods . . . . .	15	Lady of Lyons . . . . .	15	School for Scandal . . . . .	15
Captain Kyd . . . . .	15	Lady of the Lake . . . . .	15	Stolen Will (The) . . . . .	25
Clari . . . . .	15	Monseigneur . . . . .	15	Golden Butterfly (The) . . . . .	25
Dumb Girl of Portici . . . . .	15	Maid of Milan . . . . .	15	Two Orphans (The) . . . . .	25
East Lynne . . . . .	15	Masaniello . . . . .	15	Virginia Veteran . . . . .	25
Forced to the War . . . . .	25	Naaman, the Syrian . . . . .	25	Wallace . . . . .	15
Hero of Scotland . . . . .	15	Octoroon (The) . . . . .	25	Zelina . . . . .	15
Hunchback (The) . . . . .	15	Poor Gentleman . . . . .	15	Blue and Gray, or Star of Empire . . . . .	30
Hamlet . . . . .	15	Past Redemption . . . . .	25		
Hidden Hand . . . . .	15	The Stranger . . . . .	15		

# MALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

*Number of Characters given instead of price, which is uniformly 15 cents each.*

Coals of Fire . . . . .	6	Man with the Demijohn . . . . .	4	Stand by the Flag . . . . .	5
Close Shave . . . . .	6	My Uncle the Captain . . . . .	6	Shall Our Mothers Vote . . . . .	11
Freedom of the Press . . . . .	8	New Brooms Sweep . . . . .		Two Gentlemen in a Fix . . . . .	2
Gentlemen of the Jury . . . . .	12	Clean . . . . .	6	Too Late for the Train . . . . .	2
Great Umbrella Case . . . . .	32	Public Benefactor . . . . .	6	Thief of Time (The) . . . . .	6
Great Elixir . . . . .	9	Peddler of Verynice . . . . .	7	Tender Attachment . . . . .	7
Humors of the Strike . . . . .	8	Rival Poets . . . . .	2	Very Pleasant Evening . . . . .	3
Hypochondriac (The) . . . . .	5	Runaways . . . . .	4	Wanted, a Male Cook . . . . .	4
		Ready-made Suit . . . . .	35		

# FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

*15 cents each, except Rebecca's Triumph, which is 25 cents.*

Aunt Mchitable's Sci- entific Experiment . . . . .	6	Greatest Plague in Life . . . . .	8	Red Chignon . . . . .	6
Champion of Her Sex . . . . .	8	The Grecian Bend . . . . .	7	Rebecca's Triumph . . . . .	16
Dog that will Fetch, &c. . . . .	6	Love of a Bonnet . . . . .	6	Tipsy Pudding . . . . .	8
Eliza's Bonafide Offer . . . . .	4	No Cure, No Pay . . . . .	7	Using the Weed . . . . .	7
		Precious Pickle . . . . .	7	Voyage of Life . . . . .	9

# MUSICAL AND OTHER PLAYS FOR CHILDREN.

# *Male and Female Characters.*

Accelerate — operatic charade . . . . .	15	College Ned—operetta . . . . .	15	Merry Christmas . . . . .	15
Bachelor's Christmas . . . . .	25	Dorothy's Birthday— operetta . . . . .	25	R. E. Porter . . . . .	75
Bunch of Buttercups . . . . .	15	Diamonds and Toads— operetta . . . . .	15	Santa Claus Frolics . . . . .	15
Christmas Carol . . . . .	15	Fairy of Fountain . . . . .	25	Santa Claus First . . . . .	25
Centennial—charade . . . . .	15	Holidays . . . . .	15	Santa Claus at Home . . . . .	20
Conjuration—operatic charade . . . . .	15	Hunt the Thimble . . . . .	50	Seven Ages—Tableaux ent. . . . .	18
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		Tournament of Idyl- court . . . . .	15	War of Roses . . . . .	15

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Arabella and Lionel, pantomime . . . . .	15	In Pawn, shadow pantomime . . . . .	25
A. Ward's Wax Figger Show . . . . .	25	Jenny Lind, operetta . . . . .	15
Bon Bons, musical and dramatic entertainment . . . . .	25	Sculptor's Triumph, tableau ent. . . . .	15
Capuletta, operatic burlesque . . . . .	15	Snow Bound, musical and dramatic entertainment . . . . .	25
Cinderella, shadow pantomime . . . . .	25	Orpheus, shadow pantomime . . . . .	25
Drink, shadow pantomime . . . . .	25		

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- BREAD ON THE WATERS.** Drama in two acts. 5 males, 3 females.
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- GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE, THE.** Farce in one act. 8 females.
- GRECIAN BEND, THE.** Farce in one act. 7 females.
- HUMORS OF THE STRIKE, THE.** Farce in one act. 8 males.
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- MAN WITH THE DEMIJOHN, THE.** Farce in one act. 4 males.
- MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.** Drama in three acts. 5 males, 3 females.
- MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE, A.** Farce in one act. 4 males.
- MY UNCLE THE CAPTAIN.** Farce in one act. 6 males.
- NEVER SAY DIE.** Farce in one act. 3 males, 3 females.
- NEVADA.** Drama in three acts. 8 males, 3 females. 25 cents.
- NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN, A.** Farce in one act. 6 males.
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- PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.** Farce in one act. 7 males, 3 females.
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- VISIONS OF FREEDOM.** Allegory for 16 females.
- USING THE WEED.** Farce in one act. 7 females.
- WANTED, A MALE COOK.** Farce in one act. 4 males.
- WAR OF THE ROSES.** Allegory for 8 females.
- WE'RE ALL TEETOTALERS.** Farce in one scene. 4 males, 2 females.

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- BLANKS AND PRIZES.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By Dexter Smith. 6 male, 2 female char.
- BLUE AND CHERRY.** A Comedy in 1 Act. 3 male, 2 female char.
- BOUQUET.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By J. A. Woodward. 2 male, 2 female char.
- BOWLED OUT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By H. T. Craven. 4 male, 3 female char.
- BROTHER BILL AND ME.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 4 male, 3 female char.
- A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.** A Comedy in 2 Acts. By Charles Matthews. 5 male, 4 female char.
- THE CHRISTENING.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. B. Burke. 5 male, 3 female char.
- THE CLEFT STICK.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. 5 male, 3 female char.
- COUSIN TOM.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By Tom Roberts. 10 male, 2 female char.
- DAMON AND PYTHIAS.** A Farce. 6 male, 4 female char.
- DANDELION'S DODGES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. J. Williams. 4 male, 2 female char.
- THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.** A Drama in 2 Acts. By Edward Fitzball. 6 male, 2 female char.
- DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.** An Interlude in 1 Act. By W. H. Murray. 10 male, 1 female.
- DONE ON BOTH SIDES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 2 female char.
- DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 2 female.
- DORA.** A Pastoral Drama in 3 Acts. By Chris. Reade. 5 male, 2 female char.
- A DOUBTFUL VICTORY.** A Comedy in 1 Act. 3 male, 2 female char.
- DUNDUCKETT'S PICNIC.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. J. Williams. 6 male, 3 female char.
- EAST LYNNE.** A Drama in 5 Acts. 8 male, 7 female char.
- GASPARDO THE GONDOLIER.** A Drama in 3 Acts. By George Auger. 10 male, 2 female.
- GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME.** A Farce. 2 male, 2 female char.
- THE HIDDEN HAND.** A Drama in 5 Acts. By Robert Jones. 6 male, 7 female char.
- HIT HIM HE HAS NO FRIENDS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By E. Yates and N. H. Harrington. 7 male, 3 female char.
- A HUSBAND TO ORDER.** A Serio-comic Drama in 2 Acts. 5 male, 3 female char.
- I'VE WRITTEN TO BROWNE.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. J. Williams. 4 male, 3 female char.
- JOHN DOBBS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 5 male, 2 female char.
- JOHN WOPPS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 4 male, 2 female char.
- THE LOST CHILDREN.** A Musical Entertainment in 5 Acts. By Mrs. Lewis Jarvey. 8 male, 5 female char. and chorus.
- LOOK AFTER BROWN.** A Farce in 1 Act. By George A. Stuart, M.D. 6 male, 1 female char.
- LOST IN LONDON.** A Drama in 3 Acts. 6 male, 4 female char.
- LYING WILL OUT.** A Comedy in 4 Acts. By H. Pelham Curtis. 6 male, 4 female char.
- MADAM IS ABED.** A Vaudeville in 1 Act. 2 male, 2 female char.
- MARY MOO; or, Which Shall I Marry?** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 2 male, 1 female.
- MONSIEUR.** A Drama in 4 Acts. By Thomas Archer. 15 male, 3 female char.
- MY PRECIOUS BETSY.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 4 male, 4 female char.
- MY TURN NEXT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 3 female char.
- NICHOLAS FLAM.** A Comedy in 2 Acts. By J. B. Burckstone. 5 male, 3 female char.
- NONE SO DEAF AS THOSE WHO WON'T HEAR.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By H. P. Curtis. 2 male, 2 female char.
- NURSEY CHICKWEED.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 2 female char.
- OLD HONESTY.** A Comic Drama in 2 Acts. By J. M. Morton. 5 male, 2 female char.
- ONLY A CLOD.** A Comic Drama in 1 Act. By J. P. Simpson. 4 male, 1 female char.
- PAYABLE ON DEMAND.** A Domestic Drama in 2 Acts. 7 male, 1 female char.
- THE PHANTOM BREAKFAST.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Chas. Selby. 3 male, 2 female char.
- IUTKINS; Heir to Castles in the Air.** A Comic Drama in 1 Act. By W. R. Emerson. 2 male, 2 female char.
- THE QUEEN'S HEART.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. 5 male, 4 female char.
- A RACE FOR A WIDOW.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 5 male, 4 female char.
- SARAH'S YOUNG MAN.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 male, 3 female char.
- THE SCARLET LETTER.** A Drama in 3 Acts. 8 male, 7 female char.
- SILVERSTONE'S WAGER.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By R. R. Andrews. 4 male, 3 female.
- A SLICE OF LUCK.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 4 male, 2 female char.
- SMASHINGTON GOIT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 5 male, 3 female char.
- A SOLDIER, A SAILOR, A TINKER, and a Laborer.** A Farce in 1 Act. 4 male, 2 female.
- SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.** A Drama in 1 Act. By Slingsby Lawrence. 3 male, 2 female char.
- TRUE UNTO DEATH.** A Drama in 2 Acts. By J. Sheridan Knowles. 6 male, 2 female char.
- THE TURKISH BATH.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Montague Williams and F. C. Burnand. 6 male, 1 female char.
- TWO GENTLEMEN IN A FIX.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 2 male char.
- TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Lenox Horne. 4 male, 1 female.
- THE TWO PUDDIFOOTS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.
- AN UGLY CUSTOMER.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 3 male, 2 female char.
- UNCLE ROBERT.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. By H. P. Curtis. 6 male, 2 female char.
- A VERY PLEASANT EVENING.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 male char.
- THE WELSH GIRL.** A Comedy in 1 Act. By Mrs. Planche. 3 male, 2 female char.
- WHICH WILL HAVE HIM?** A Vaudeville. 1 male, 2 female char.
- THE WIFE'S SECRET.** A Play in 5 Acts. By Geo. W. Lovell. 10 male, 2 female char.
- YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.